

Fairy Tale

PARADE


A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE

No. 114





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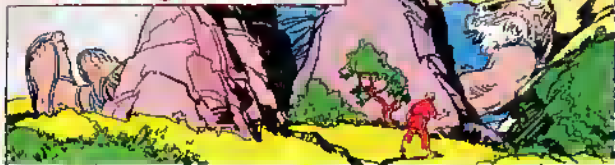


*I found a secret in the woods,
Just where I'll never tell—*

*It's a tiny fairy circus
In a shady woodland dell.
Fairies swing from filmy cobwebs,
Ride on tiny woodland things,*

*And do tricks in leeny stes
In their fatry circus rings.*

The Sleeping GIANT



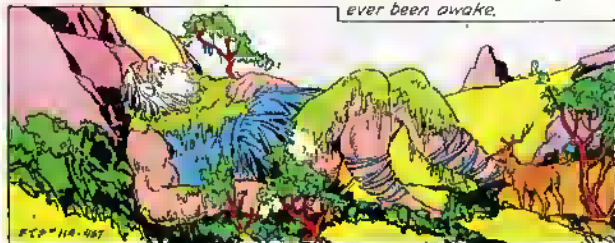
Once upon a time, about a thousand years ago, there was a country called the land of the Sleeping Giant.



It was given this name because of a great big giant who lay stretched out sleeping in the middle of the land.



He had been sleeping there for many hundreds of years. Nobody could remember that the giant had ever been awake.



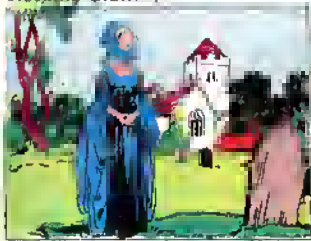
The giant was covered with moss. Bushes and trees had grown on the earth which had blown over his body in all these years.



Near where the giant lay, there stood the castle of the ruler of the land of the Sleeping Giant.



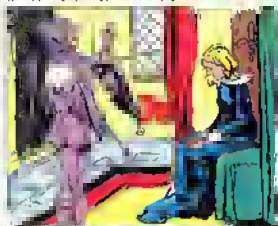
Beautiful young Giralda was queen of the land. But her beauty was cold and forbidding.



She never smiled or showed any affection for anyone. When her father and mother had died suddenly when she was still a child, her heart had turned to ice.



Nobody had ever been able to melt her icy heart. Doctors had tried but they had been helpless.



Jesters from all over the world had tried to bring a smile to her face, but they had failed also.



After she had become of age, young princes from every country had tried to win her heart. They, too, were unsuccessful.



The young knights serenaded her, singing beautiful love songs under her window



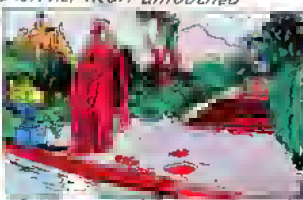
But Queen Giralda had her guards chase them away, one by one



Some lost their lives fighting the guards But even the death of these handsome young knights left her heart untouched



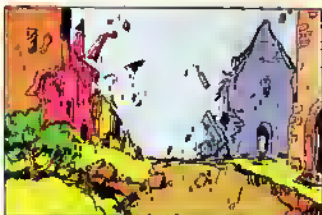
Slowly the arrival of suitors became fewer and fewer



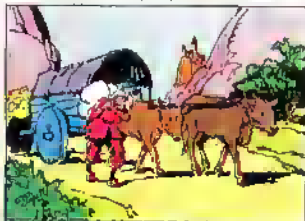
But Queen Giralda did not care She went about the castle gardens cold and untouched by all the beauty around her.



One day a rumbling noise shook the land around the castle. The people ran out into the open, fear-stricken.



They thought it was an earthquake. Houses trembled, cracked chimneys fell and windows broke.

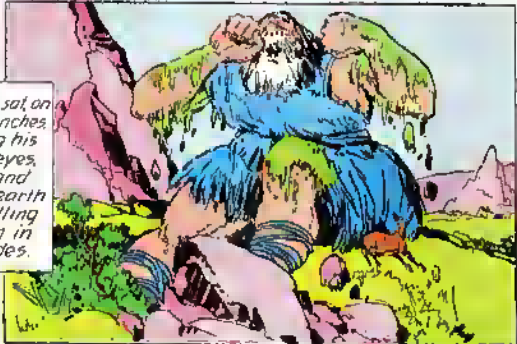


People loaded carts with their belongings and made for the open fields.



The rumbling sounds became louder. But it was not an earthquake, it was the giant. He had awakened.

There he sat, on his haunches, rubbing his sleepy eyes. Trees and tons of earth were falling off him in landslides.





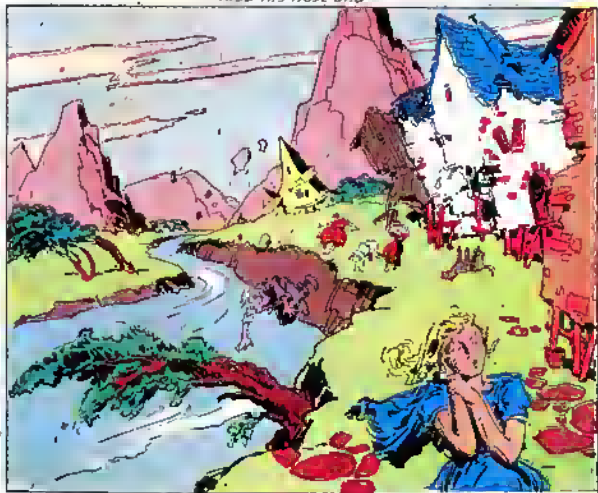
The giant looked around and grinned. My, it was pretty here!



The sun got into his eyes, which were not used to so much brightness. Dust got into his nose. He shut his eyes, wrinkled his nose and—



KERCHOO!
He sneezed



His sneeze shook the countryside like a storm. Trees bent, people were blown into the air, and houses toppled over.



The giant got onto his feet. He was a bit wobbly at first, as he hadn't stood on his feet for hundreds of years.



He stretched his arms and let out a yawn which almost deafened everybody for miles around.



The little people running hither and yon amused the sleepy giant, for he was still sleepy.



He bent down and picked up a horse and wagon.



What a pretty toy!



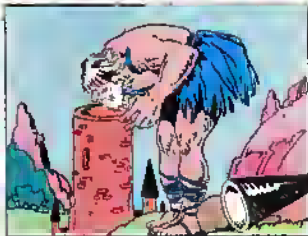
He chuckled as he set them down again, watching the terror-stricken farmer race his wagon, helter skelter through the fields, over hedges and ditches.

Then the giant saw the castle.

It was deserted by all the guards, the maids and cooks and kitchenboys.



Curiously, he lifted the roof off, just as if it were the lid of a coffee pot.



He peeped inside and beheld Queen Giralda!



He squeezed in his huge hand and lifted the frightened young queen out of the broken castle.



For the first time beautiful Giralda was showing a sign of emotion. She was frightened! Beneath the hard cover of ice, her heart was pounding!



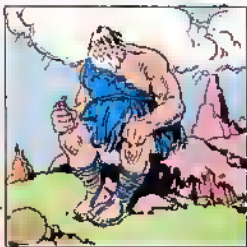
The giant held Giralda up to his face and smiled at her.



But the young queen was too frightened to see the giant's smile.



The queen's guards, who were hiding in the woods, did not dare to come to her rescue.



The giant sat down on the spot where he had slept. His eyes felt heavy.



He yawned, 'Ho, hum, another few hundred years of sleep won't do me any harm,' he mumbled.



Holding on to his captive, his hand closed around her so that only her head showed, he began to settle down for another long rest.

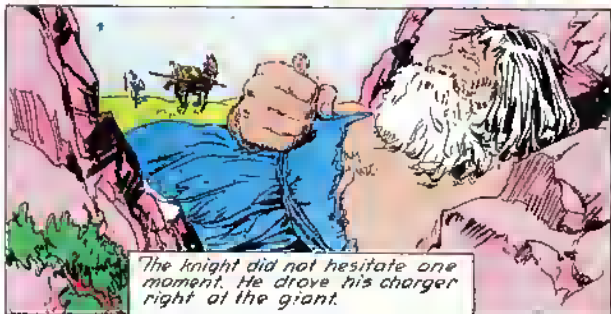


Giralda was not frightened anymore. Strangely, she felt something moving in her chest. It was her heart. She felt it moving as she looked into the giant's kind face.

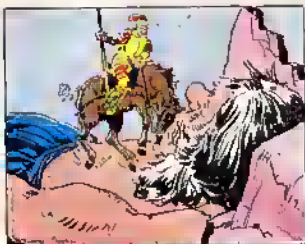


It was at this very moment that a young knight appeared, who had come, as others before him, to win the hand of the queen.

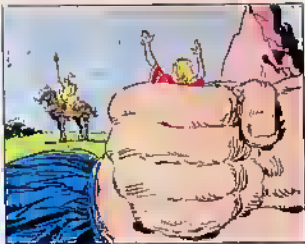
The queen's guards had told him what had happened, and one guard, braver than the others, led him to the giant.



The knight did not hesitate one moment. He drove his charger right at the giant.



His horse leaped on the chest of the giant, but the giant did not feel anything, for he had fallen sound asleep



Girolda looked at the knight and again she felt her heart moving. "How handsome he looks," she thought

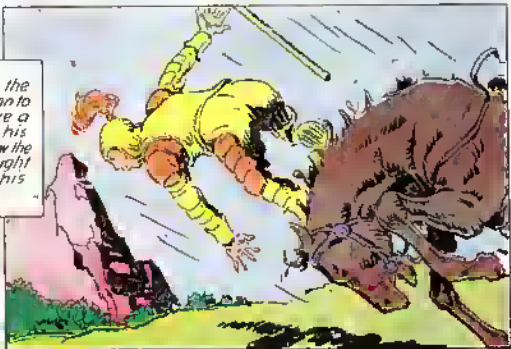


"Oh Queen," said the knight, "I shall slay this monster and free you!"



"Please do not harm him," pleaded Girolda, "he is kind and harmless."

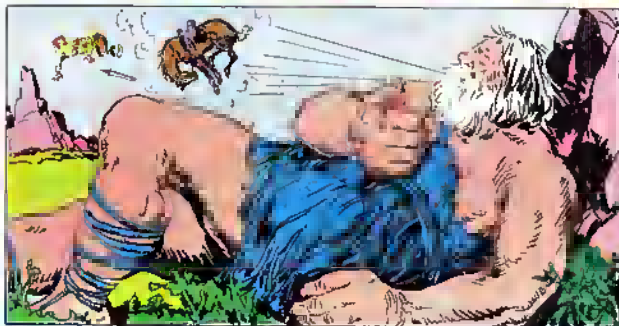
Just then the giant began to snore. Like a whirlwind his breath blew the young knight right off his horse



Horse and rider tumbled topsy-turvy off the giant's chest



The young knight lost his sword and helmet as he tumbled along.



For the first time in her life Giralda laughed

She climbed out of the giant's hand and laughed and laughed. The last bit of ice around her heart melted away like snow in the sun!

*Suddenly the
whirlwind of
the snoring
giant's breath
took hold of
her and sent
her tumbling
after the
young knight*



*He was just getting up when Giralda tumbled
into him and knocked him over once more*



*This seemed so funny to
Giralda, she burst into
laughter again*



*The young knight could
not help but join her.*



*The two, laughing
merrily, looked deep
into each other's eyes*



The knight must have read something in Giralda's eyes. He drew her gently into his arms and kissed her.



The giant opened one eye and looked at them. He had been pretending. He had not really been asleep.



He pursed his lips and blew just hard enough



Giralda and the young knight went a-tumbling once more

'Now I must really go to sleep,' muttered the giant happily. 'This thing of being awake is awfully tiring.'





*Great was the joy of the people
when they saw their young queen
laughing and happy*



*Quickly everyone returned to his home
and began preparing for the wedding
of their queen and the young knight*



*The festival
lasted seven
days
Everyone
was merry
and happy*



*But nobody was as happy as young Queen Giralda. It was all so
new—this feeling of warmth and happiness for one who had been
so cold with a heart of ice for such a long time.*

Leonora the Beautiful

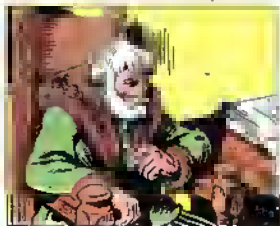
In a faraway kingdom there lived a prosperous merchant and his wife and a daughter named Leonora the Beautiful.



One day his wife fell ill. Knowing death was at hand, she summoned Leonora to her bedside and gave her a doll.



'She's a magic doll When you're in trouble feed her and she will help you.'



After a long period of mourning the loss of his wife, the merchant met a handsome widow, with two daughters slightly older than Leonora. 'She will make a fine mother for Leonora,' he thought.



The widow's charm, however, had not been passed on to her two stately daughters.



Not long after the marriage, she was compelled to take a journey for reasons of trade



The sisters were jealous of the affection Leonardo's father bore her—and even more of her ever-increasing beauty.



They lost little time planning their spite



They forced her to do all the rough household tasks—rocking their brains for ways to destroy her beauty. However, they always remained idle, like ladies



At night, in the privacy of her garret room, she fed the doll what table scraps she would have had for her own supper, and begged for help



"Fear not," reassured the doll, "while they sleep I shall aid you"



The doll chopped wood, scrubbed, washed...



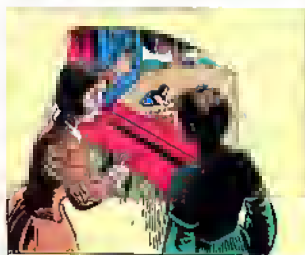
...milked the cow, and performed all the other difficult tasks.



While Leonora took her ease in the shade



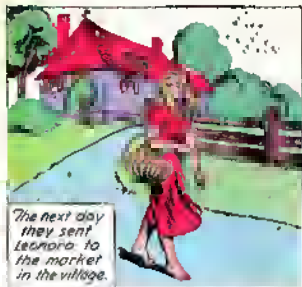
One day, while the older sister was engaged in her most strenuous work-sitting-the younger one rushed in-"Sister, sister, Leonora is being helped by a witch!"



There, below in the garden, they saw the doll pulling weeds.



"No wonder Leonora remains beautiful! We shall soon remedy that!" they conspired





"Perhaps the witch will help me in return for the doll."



"Ho, ho, I know of this magic doll! I shall pay you well, beggar."



The old hag greedily seized the magic doll.



Once she had the doll, the witch belabored the beggar with her cruel, driving broom.



When Leonora returned, she soon discovered the loss of her doll and wept bitterly.



The sisters thereafter gave her no rest and little sleep.



Finally, she could bear it no longer. She stole out of the house one night to seek the witch.



Wondering through the forest she met the beggar.



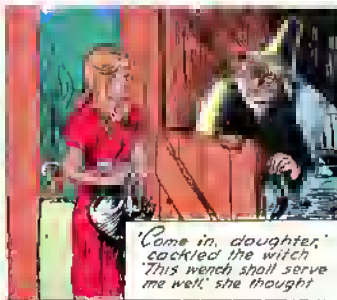
His sorry condition touched her deeply. At a nearby stream she washed and bound his wounds with strips from her petticoat, telling him the story of the doll. Secretly he vowed to help her recover it.



That cottage must belong to the witch, thought Leonora. Perhaps she'll return my doll.



'I am lost and hungry. Pray give me food and a night's shelter.'



'Come in, daughter,' cackled the witch. 'This wench shall serve me well,' she thought.



The beggar, struck
by the girl's beauty,
and knowing the
evil powers of the
witch, hid in the
bushes behind
the house



As Leonora finished her bowl of gruel,
she happened to glance up



There, amidst the witch's cracks and
vials, sat the doll



That's my magic doll—my mother's
last gift to me. Please, please let
me have it back.



Oh ha, so she's
yours! Tell me the
secret of the doll
or evil shall be
your lot.....



"I am Gruscha, the
witch!"
Despite the witch's
cruelty, Leonora
proudly kept her
secret



Once, when the witch had gone outside to tend a brewing cauldron, Leonora tried to seize the doll.



But the witch returned as Leonora was about to grasp it 'Aha, you shall die-into the cistern with you.'



The beggar, hearing Leonora's screams, turned to the rescue.



The witch proved almost too strong for the beggar, but—



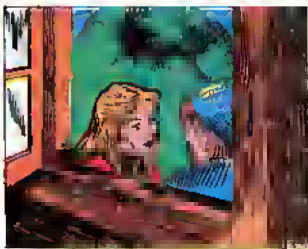
at that moment the old hag fell against the cauldron, and the boiling contents spilled all over her.



A moment later, what was once a witch became a rat and scurried off into the underbrush.



"How can I ever thank you, kind beggar?" and she kissed him.



"We will live here and I shall care for you for the remainder of your days, with my doll's help, old man."



With that she arose and went in to get some food for the doll.



The only food in sight was the gruel she was to have for her own evening meal. But the doll swallowed it eagerly.



"Now, bring the beggar in to me," said the doll.



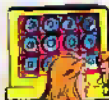
Kneel, beggar, for your noble conduct you shall once more become your former self."



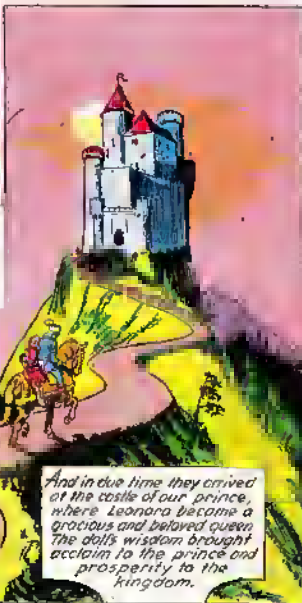
Leonora was
overwhelmed
at what she saw
The beggar was
now a prince.



Outside stood a stallion of noble
proportions, with trappings fit for
a prince.

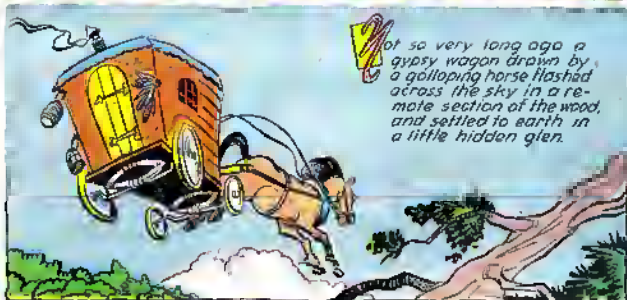


"Lovely Leonora, from the moment I set eyes
on you I have loved you; No one but
you shall be my queen"



And in due time they arrived
at the castle of our prince,
where Leonora became a
gracious and beloved queen
The doll's wisdom brought
acclaim to the prince and
prosperity to the
kingdom.

Goblin Glen



Not so very long ago a gypsy wagon drawn by a galloping horse flashed across the sky in a remote section of the wood, and settled to earth in a little hidden glen.

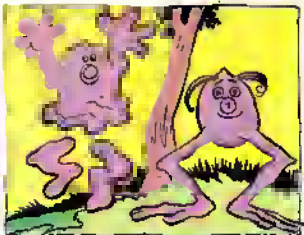


Some strange creatures climbed out of the wagon and made camp.



The creatures were wandering goblins and they decided to make the glen their home

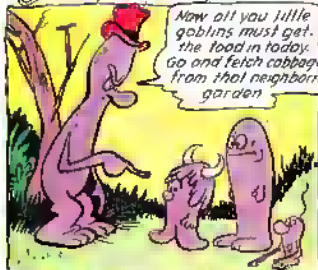
The first thing that must be understood about goblins is that they are not very frightening



They would like to be, however, and for this reason goblins change their shapes and appearances, often trying to be real, real scary.

One day the oldest goblin said:

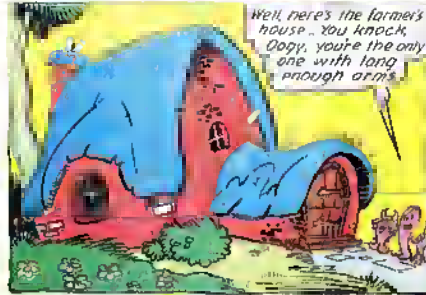
Now all you little goblins must get the food in today. Go and fetch cabbages from that neighboring garden



We'd better go to the farmer and borrow a basket - otherwise we won't be able to carry the cabbages home



Well, here's the farmer's house. You knock, Goby, you're the only one with long enough arms



Who could that be? Nobody lives in this part of the woods but me



Mercy—
Goblins!

Good morrow,
farmer, we'd
like to—

My sakes—he disappeared!
We must have startled him.

Too bad he didn't wait to lend
us a basket... we could carry
only one of his cabbages
this way.

It seems too bad that
you only brought one
cabbage—we'll have
to eat it for
supper. Then
tomorrow you
must get another.

Here, Elfalump,
put this cabbage
in the pot!

Oh, pray don't
put me in that
hot water—
please???

Aha— someone is
concealed under a
cabbage leaf!



How did you get
under that
cabbage leaf?

Yes! How!
I've a
good mind
to cook
you!

Oh—
don't—



I didn't mean any harm—
I've always been under
that cabbage leaf



Do you think
I was born
yesterday?!

I don't know,
but I was—
I was born
yesterday
afternoon.



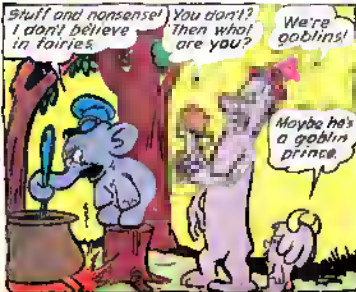
Goodie!
He's a fairy
prince! All
fairy princes
are born
under
cabbage
leaves.



Stuff and nonsense!
I don't believe
in fairies.

You don't?
Then what
are you?

We're
goblins!



Maybe he's
a goblin
prince.

Maybe I am a
goblin prince—
or at least a goblin.
I don't know—
nobody ever
told me!





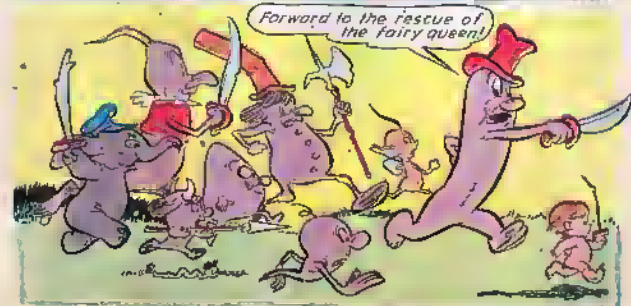
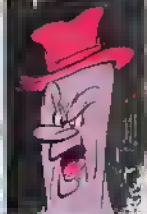
Help, help, help—the gnomes have captured the fairy queen.



Come! Let's save the fairy queen—perhaps I am a fairy prince after all—let's help the fairies.



A e—we will! The gnomes are our sworn enemies.



Behold, the goblins
are coming- and
they seem armed!

Aye, that fairy escaped and
warned them! We must get to our
mountain cave!



Put the fairy queen in a
cart- they'll never get her!

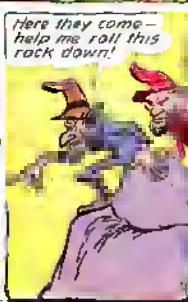
Aye, she'll tell us
where they've
hidden their
gold, or die!



We'll hide in the cave-
the rest of you roll
stones down on the
goblins, if they try
to follow



Here they come-
help me roll this
rock down!



Here goes—right into them!
I'll knock 'em like tinpans!



Beware,—they roll
rocks down upon us!



Charge, goblins! Rocks
cannot hurt us.

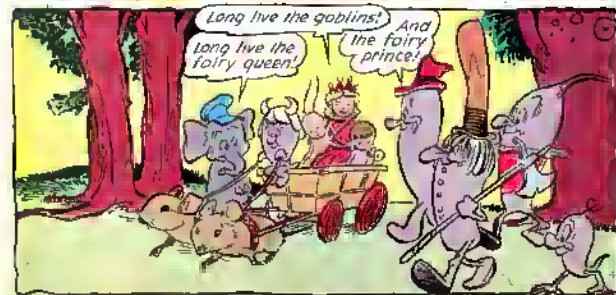
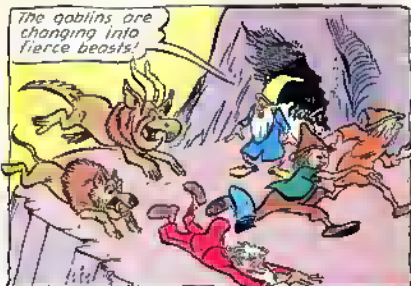


Die, you goblin!
Die!



By the wildie beard this
goblin has turned into a
rug—before my eyes!





The Sorcerer's Apprentice

During the Middle Ages near an ancient village and atop a high hill stood a tiny old castle.

Inside its walls all was going for the knight who owned it was leaving to join the crusades.

Since he has no mother, guard well my only son, for I may be gone some time.

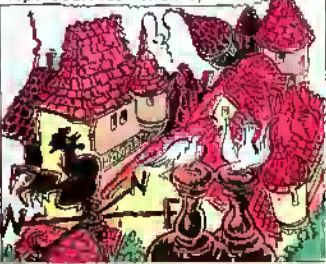
Later the servants refused to stay at the castle and ran away leaving only a faithful old man to care for the boy...



The heavy chains that drew up the drawbridge were neglected.



The bright turrets and gleaming roof tops soon lost their sparkle.



Still at last, after many years had passed and the knight did not return, it became overgrown with crawling vines and thick moss and slowly fell into decay



Alas! If only I could take care of everything, but young Gerald gives me enough trouble!



Tell me, Thomas, what does this sign say?

Would that I only knew! I can neither read nor write nor teach you!



Oh, how lonely I am with nothing to do! If only I had a playmate!



Oh, hello, little bird! Stay awhile and play with me!

Boh! I have no time for games! I am the servant of Zoroni, the Sorcerer!



You can talk! How wonderful!

Stop cockling boy! Let me look around.

Caw, caw! Nice and gloomy... Cobwebs, moss, dust—why, it's beautiful!

Just what my master B-B-But this likes. Yes, I think is MY castle! This will make I am the master us a fine here. home.

Zarani the Great will take care of that, my boy

I think you're just a silly crow... But I do wish you would stay.

Don't go yet, crow. It's fun to hear you talk, even if it makes no sense

I'll be back, boy. I'll show you who is silly!

Not far away, down a winding, twisting road came the sorcerer Zarani, followed by a strange caravan.

Oh, master:
I've found a
home for you!
It's beautiful!

What, again,
Macbeth?
What is it
this time?

A palace, no
doubt, with
velvet drapes
and crystal
chandeliers.

Oh, no!
It's dark
and
gloomy.

Full of
spiders,
Moss and
weeds all
over the
place.

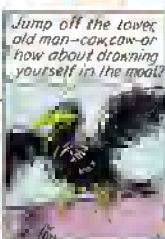
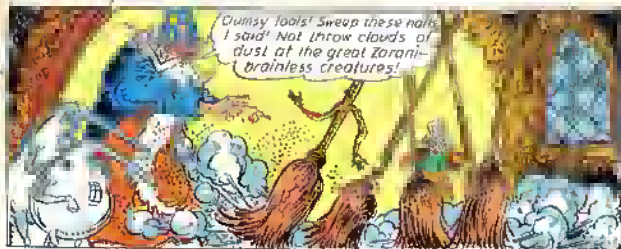
Anti-sounds
good! Well,
you can't
be wrong
all the
time!

Who are these two persons,
Macbeth? You did not
tell me about them.
Chase them out!

you were right
for once. It'll do
well... Hmm... Look
at those lovely
rats... Yes, indeed,
this is
the place!

But for a bit of
dusting we shall
leave it just
as it is.

Brooms to life! Sweep
these halls... But mind
you do not disturb
the lacy, dainty
cobwebs!





Ho, ha, ha—look at the dancing brooms! This is fun. I've never had such a good time!



Hey, you broom, you tripped me on purpose! I wanted to dance with you!



Bah, brainless numbskull, get out of my sight before I have the brooms sweep you out of my castle!



Brainless? What do you say, boy? By jove, he's mean—YOUR GOT brains, castle? I .. of sorts! am the master here!

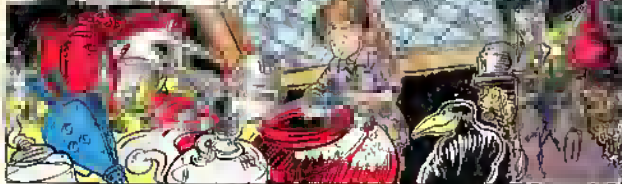


I'm tired of my brainless servants—yes, that's it! I shall make you my apprentice! Can you read, boy?



Nobody ever taught me—what's an apprentice? You'll learn how to read after you have done your daily work.

For many weeks little Gerald had to work very hard—cleaning, scrubbing, doing chores all day long, with Macbeth forever watching.



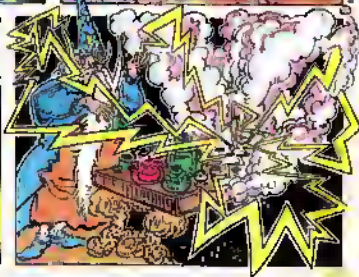
Oh, Zaranii, make him stop please! I didn't do anything, really I didn't!



Stick, stick, near my call.
Back you go upon the wall!
Be a simple stick once more,
Lifeless, wooden, as before!



Abra-da-cadabra-tani!
Ozoco-daba-Zarani!

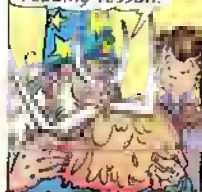


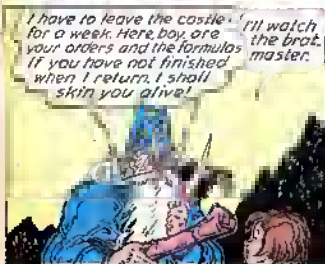
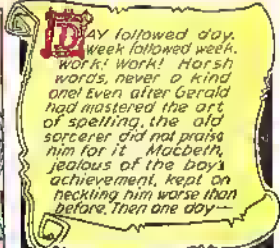
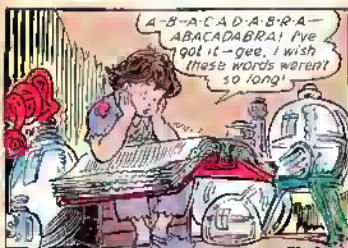
The food was delicious!
Here, boy, a bone for
you. Zaranii can
be generous!

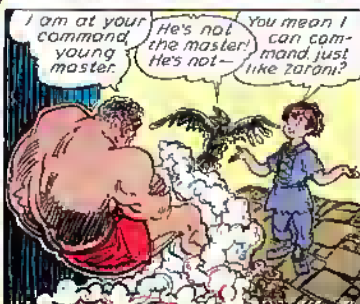
Far too generous,
master! There is some
meat left on yon
bone



Now that you've had
your feast, boy, go
and study your
reading lesson.







Yes, young master, you know the magic words.

He does not! He just read them out of my master's book!

The book! Of course, NOW THAT I CAN READ, I can say all of Zarani's magic formulas!

Genie, my first command! Take this raving bird and put him into the bottle from which you came!

You mean I don't have to go back in the bottle myself any more?

CAW!
CAW!
CAW!
CAW!



No, you may stay with me!

Oh, thank you thank you, young master!



There, Macbeth, at last I am rid of you. Have a good rest. I'll leave the top ajar so you can breathe.



Clear out the sorcerer's things, Genie, and put the castle back in the state it was when my father was still here



It is done, young master.

Now, Genie, bring back to me my father and my mother.



My men and I were slain on the battlefield fighting the Turks. Now we are back home again. It is truly a miracle!



My baby, my little Gerald! It was twelve years ago today that I last held him in my arms. Twelve long years!

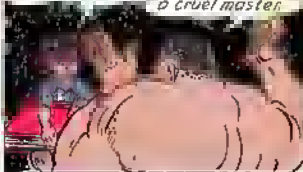
There was great rejoicing. Happiest of all was young Gerald. The castle was aglow with lights and merry laughter echoed from its turrets.



After everybody had finally gone to bed, Gerald sat reading Zorani's book, for he knew the sorcerer was to return the following night.

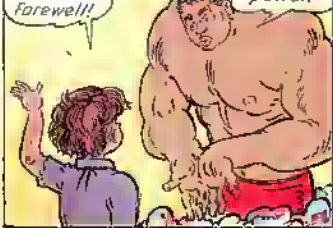


I have memorized it, I hope I never all, Genie. Zorani have to serve can have no more him again, Sir power over me. Gerald. He was a cruel master.



Genie, I give you your freedom. I thank you for all you have done for me. Farewell!!

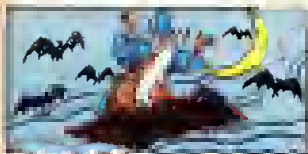
Thank you, young master. I wish I could help you face Zorani, but it is beyond my power.



The morning sun! Somehow I feel I have not seen it for ever so long. Gerald! What is it? You look sad and distracted.

Father, I have a wish. Tonight will you keep everybody shut in their rooms, yourself too—no matter what you hear?





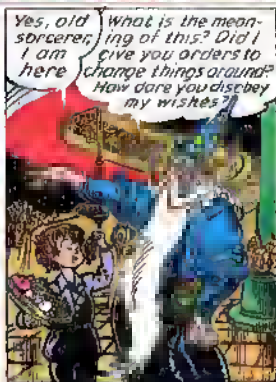
Night had fallen and every window of the castle was dark. Suddenly a shadow flitted across the waning moon. It was Zarani returning



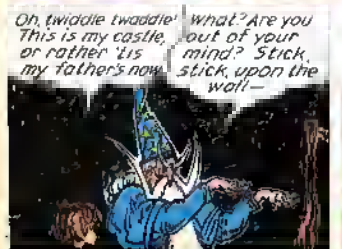
What is this? Who trimmed the vines that covered my castle? Who cleaned those windows?



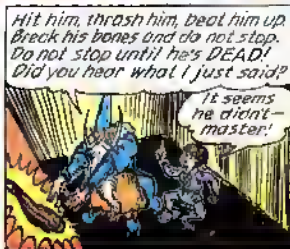
What happened to the spiderwebs? Who dared touch my property? BOY! BOY! COME HERE!



Yes, old sorcerer, I am here. What is the meaning of this? Did I give you orders to change things around? How dare you disobey my wishes?



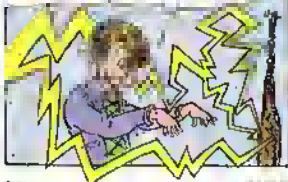
Oh, twiddle twaddle! This is my castle, or rather 'tis my father's now. What? Are you out of your mind? Stick, stick, upon the wall—



Hit him, thrash him, beat him up. Break his bones and do not stop. Do not stop until he's DEAD! Did you hear what I just said?

It seems he didn't—master!

Maybe you'll let ME try, master.
Stick, stick, upon the wall,
Never mind Zorani's call;
Listen to MY words instead!
RAP ZARANI ON THE HEAD!



Stick, give him another whack,
Stop it now jump on his back!



So you have betrayed me!
You have been reading my
magic book...For that
you shall suffer!

Careful,
Zorani!
Remember
the stick!



winds of blackness!
Thunderbolts of lightning!
Earthquakes of evil—I com-
mand you—destroy this
castle! Level it to the
ground!



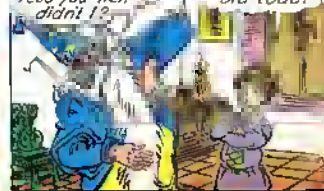
They have not obeyed
me! My power is
gone! The boy has
broken the spell!

This is your
day of
reckoning,
Zorani!



Why, boy, what do you
mean? Didn't I always
treat you fair and
feed you well—
didn't I?

Let's see...What
shall I change
you into—an
old toad?



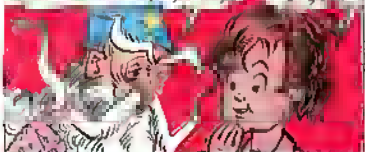
"How would you like me to turn you into a lump of potter's clay?"

Mercy!
No
that!



Please, little boy, since you know all my magic formulas, let's be friends... I'll go away—I'll leave the continent—I'll fly away!

That's it—
Macbeth!
I almost forgot!

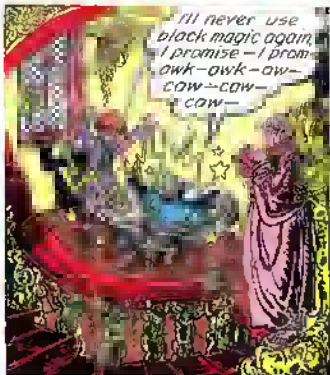


I'll change you into a crow. Then you and Macbeth can fly away together!
Abra-zonza-rob!
Ali-banza-drobi!

Don't—
don't—I'll
be good!



I'll never use black magic again, I promise—I promise—
owk-owk-owk-
cow-cow-cow-



Come out of your bottle, Macbeth! Meet a good friend of yours!



"Cow-cow" is all you two will ever be able to say. No harm will come from that! No one will even know who you were!

Cow!
Cow!







Why, you must believe in fairies, child. Just look about you here.



In the early-morning garden there is proof that they are near!



You remember how the flowers closed their buds in sleep last night.



It was fairies who awakened them as soon as it was light!

